



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

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No. 29 East 29th Street,
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

GOD WATCHES.

"We cannot think too oft,
There is a never, never-sleeping Eye,
Which reads the heart and registers the thoughts."

A FEW hours ago, the sun, in all his majesty and splendor, was moving toward his western setting. In the light of his countenance the streets of our little city were teeming with busy life. Pedestrians hurried to and fro, each intent on some beckoning purpose. Sporting childhood bounded joyfully from the restraints of the school-room, rudely jostling against tottering age, who trembled along to finish up the few remaining duties of life. Active business-men, in the pursuit of wealth and gain, brushed by millionaires less happy, because the excitement of the race was over, and the goal was reached. Robes of wealth shadowed garbs of poverty, eyes that were full of tears looked into eyes that were full of joy, sunny faces were side by side with sad ones, and all moved on—a motley crowd striving to complete their work for the day, ere the work of the sun was finished.

There also were gay equipages, drawn by prancing steeds, gliding swiftly over winter's smooth highway to the music of merry sleigh-bells, and to the enjoyment of other *belles*, no less merry than they. While, perchance, in their very path, with many feet plodding before a heavy burden, was a human horse, with an immortal soul, going with his load of garbage from the rich man's house to the family dependent upon him for daily bread. Above all was heard the buzz of business, the ceaseless hum of machinery, the clanking of tools, all apparently moving faster in hope of the rest to come with the shades of evening. And over all God watched. Unseen, He saw all things.

What were bustle and hurry and confusion to us, was order to Him. The workings of the multitude were to Him as if the mass had been one.

Now the day is over, and night is reigning. The pulse of the city is still. Business is slumbering to awake with the dawn. The darkness has driven the happy to the light of home, and the unfortunate to the dark abodes of poverty. To us within our own cosy home, only the objects within four square walls are visible. The bright flame of fire that dances from its jet does its best to supply the want of the day's luminary, but farther than a few feet of circumference it cannot throw a ray. Outer nature is utterly darkened, save by far-away twinkling lights in the firmament, or a feeble glimmer from some distant, upper chamber, or, perchance, a flood of light from where pleasure holds nocturnal reign. As we gaze outward, houses, and trees, and streets are the same to us. All is lost in darkness. But over all this darkness God watches. To Him the night is as the day, impenetrable walls as transparent glass. Where the taper burns He may see an agonizing mother keeping vigils by the sick-bed of an only child. He sees her anguish, as in the quiet of the night she listens to the breath growing fainter and fainter, and then looks forward to coming nights of loneliness, when her loved one shall no longer demand her care. She thinks

of the cradle that shall need no rocking, of the half-worn shoe that shall have no wearer, of the little cold grave—and then, with all of a mother's agony, she pleads with God to spare her child. As He pityingly watches, may He not heal, or strengthen the breaking heart? Farther on, in an attic room, where to us but a star of light is glimmering, midnight finds aching fingers toiling for scanty livelihood. As the Father alone sees the weariness of His child, shall He not sweetly whisper of the home where she shall rest forever, and know no sorrow? In another house heaven is very near to-night. Angel-spirits are all around, waiting to convey a weary wanderer across its threshold. God is there, too. When He has bidden the husband and father to depart, shall He not reveal Himself as the Father of the fatherless, the Husband to the widow, the loving Chastener? In the mansion of many lights is a light unseen. God is there, increasing pleasures to the innocent, and warning the wicked in gentle undertones of love.

Far away, over miles of earth and sea, are some of our loved ones. We look out to them in the clear light of day, and peer through the blackness of night, but we see them not. They are far beyond the boundaries of human vision. Some are in distant happy homes. Others are wanderers alone in foreign lands. Others, alas, are more than alone, constant objects of bitter anxiety, exposed to dangers and disease, trying temptations and death, that surround the soldier in quiet or in action. In fancy or in dreams we oft-times are with the absent. We pass over long miles of distance and are with them. We share their joys, soothe their sorrows, minister to their wants. But how soon has the vision faded. In the reality that follows how bitter is our loneliness. How we yearn to look upon them, to have them really with us. Though hidden from us, they are not to God. Though the eye of human love may not see them, the Eye of infinite love pierces all distance and tenderly watches over them. Be they on mountain-top or in the valley, on the

broad land or the wide ocean, where are perpetual frosts or ever-burning heats, by happy fire-sides or on the battle-field, with friends around or in solitude, in health, in prosperity, in sickness, or sorrow, or death, God is there. Where breathes a human soul its Creator is there; He watches.

Beneath the little hillocks, in the cemetery, sleep those, who, when with us, were dear as our lives to us. The destroyer came to our homes and took our treasures. In our household he has laid low its sire, and on the marble slab that marks his resting-place is written four-score, life's work fully done. He entered another home and from a mother's arms took her pet, and from the mother's heart took her idol. Three little feet of swelling earth tell where the bud is planted to bloom in paradise. A willow sweeps the grave of a husband and father, a wife is desolate and little ones are orphaned. Summer flowers bloom—fit emblems of his fleeting life—upon the bosom of another, dearly loved and early lost. Bitter tears water them from eyes that were to look with his upon life's scenes, but without his can only see half of its beauties, half is shrouded in sorrow. But over them all God is watching. Beneath the earth death may place our jewels, but God shall restore them to us again. The family circle shall be unbroken, the mother shall have her angel-child, husband and wife shall be reunited, and those who could not walk life's way together here shall be together for an eternity.

Thus may it be with nations. When governments totter, when there are convulsions and threatenings, when the dove of peace has grievously folded her wings, and the war-bird is flying through the land, above all the turmoil God is watching. Far above all confusion, in calm and silent majesty, He is reigning. Shall He not, if we trust Him, surely make the right triumph, and through darkness lead us to the light?

So the Eye that controls the universe looks upon the smallest events of life. Long years ago a mother placed in the room of her little boy the picture of a large and expressive Eye. Under it was printed in very large letters the words, "Thou, God, seest me." The picture occupied such a position that whenever the child should enter or leave the room, when he should fall asleep at night, and when he should open his eyes to the morning, the Eye from the wall should be looking upon him.

Years fled on, and the little boy grew to manhood. His childhood and youth were remarkable for their purity and consistency, and early in life he consecrated himself to the service of God in the work of the ministry. Through a long life he preached to others of the all-seeing Eye, and endorsed his words by a life, striving to be blameless in its sight. When gray hairs crowned his brow, he looked back to the Eye his mother placed upon the wall as a silent, but powerful controller in his life. All through his way it had followed him,

now keeping him from wrong, now strengthening him for right, now warning him of danger, now urging him to duty, and ever reminding him that what it saw now must be brought to greater light hereafter. In memory or present with him, it was a faithful monitor in boyhood, in manhood and in old age.

So may we, though we see not the representation without, have the consciousness within that the ever-watching Eye is upon us, that wherever we are we may feel its heavenly influence. And so may we trust ourselves, and all that is hidden to us, to the unsleeping Eye, with the perfect assurance that it will watch in love where human eyes would be powerless. And so, too, may the Eye that closes not in time or eternity brighten upon us as things of life are fading, follow us to the cold grave, through the dark valley, "and open to us with a welcome, "where we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face." C.

MOTHER AND POET.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Turin, (after news from Gaeta,) 1861.

DEAD! one of them shot, by the sea in the East,
And one of them shot, in the West by the sea;
Dead—both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The East sea and West sea rhyme on in her head
Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, vain;
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud by that test.

What arts for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings, to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling—strangle a little—to sew by degrees,
And broider the long clothes and neat little coat,
To dream and to dote.

To teach them—it stings there—I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word, "country;" I taught them no doubt
That a country's a thing men should die for, at need,
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed, oh, my beautiful eyes,
I exulted, nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not—but, then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone, then one weeps, then one kneels,
God! how the house reels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters mailed
With my kisses, of camp life, and glory, and how
They both loved me, and soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel's bough.

Then was triumph at Turin, Ancona was free,
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me;
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it—friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy; one boy remained
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the light he had gained.

And letters still came—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand; I was not faint.

One loved me for two—would be with me ere long,
And, "Viva Italia," he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint?

My Namie would add, he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls—was impressed
It was Guido, himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line,
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta, shot!
Tell his mother; ah, ah! his—their mother, not mine;
No voice says, "My mother," again to me, "what!
You think Guido forgot?"

Are souls straight so happy, that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not; themselves were too lately forgiven,
Through that love and sorrow, which reconciled to
The Above and Below.

Oh, Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the
dark

To the face of Thy mother, consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature; we all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one,
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall,
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair, wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire balls of death, crashing souls out of men
When your guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and red
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When king Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
And I have my dead.

What then? Do not mock me; Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! my country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy's there, with my brave, civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length,
Into wail such as this; and we sit on forlorn,
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot, by the sea in the West,
And one of them shot, in the East by the sea;
Both—both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me.

For the Advocate and Guardian. GLORIES.

"THERE is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars."

"There is one glory of the terrestrial, and another glory of the celestial."

HERALDING his approach by the softest aurora in the eastern sky, tinging the fleecy clouds with richest hues, and darting his gilded arrows from horizon to zenith; dispelling night's dusky gloom for the brightness of morning, tipping with gold the hill-tops, and forest, and towering spire, as he "cometh up out of his chambers," welcomed by legions of sweet warblers, which pour forth their joyous matins at his coming; lavishly flooding mountain-side, valley, lake, and river with splendor at mid-day, making gorgeous palaces of the ice-clad groves on a winter's morning; glistening in both tiny dew-drop and foaming cataract, exhaling vast

ocean's mists, and re-converting them to grateful showers; giving light, and warmth, and beauty; causing flowers to bloom, trees to put forth their leaves and fields to yield their golden harvests; bringing joy and gladness, for all lands and every heart, as he courseth through the heavens in his fiery chariot; thus, "there is one glory of the sun."

Gently beaming through the far-off forest-trees, at even-tide; serenely rising higher and higher in the azure dome, and spreading her silvery sheen over the sleeping world; quietly lighting the chamber of sickness, and shortening the wearisome night-watches by her soothing presence; showering pearls among the shadows of groves and orchards, and amid the fragrant gardens; calmly looking down into the hearts of many waters, and reflecting her queenly face in aqueous mirrors; bespangling winter's robe with myriads of jewels; thus, there is "another glory of the moon."

"Singing together," as the "foundations of the earth, and the corner-stone thereof" were laid; guiding to the birth-place of our Saviour; adorning the foot-stool of that almighty One, from whom cometh "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," and who formeth "the bands of Orion, and bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guideth Arcturus with his sons;" following unerringly their ordained paths as ages after ages roll on; still coming forth each night, by hosts upon hosts, from their far-off hiding-places, and studding the etherial arch with countless gems; looking down sympathizingly on all weary wanderers by land or by sea; keeping faithful night-vigils over all the terrestrial sphere; constantly "showing His handiwork," the "work of His fingers;" thus, we behold "another glory of the stars."

"The lilies of the field," arrayed in glory greater than Solomon's, the cedars of Lebanon; the trees in forest and meadow, rejoicing each year in new life, decked in the emerald robe of spring, or clad in the gorgeous livery of autumn; the "proud waves," and the "water-courses for the overflowing of the waters;" the lofty mountains, the gaily-plumed birds making the air melodious with matins, and vespers, and noon-day songs; the beasts of the field, and "innumerable thing sin the sea;" all these, too, are glorious, for "by Him they are and were created."

With admiration and awe we gaze on these works, we cannot, by searching, find out nor comprehend the smallest atom of that wisdom which planned these mighty wonders; yet, all are as nothing in His sight. Yea, more; His "glory terrestrial" shall all pass away, for, behold, He "commandeth the sun and it riseth not, and sealeth up the stars," "behold the moon and it shineth not," "He looketh on the earth and it trembleth;" "the grass withereth and the flowers thereof fade," He "taketh away their breath, they die, and return to their dust." And man, who is crowned with glory, to whom dominion is given, man, God's

crowning work, must also pass away from these scenes of earthly glory. But before him opens another world; list! "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the glory which shall be revealed!" These terrestrial glories "are not to be compared with those unspeakable "glories celestial," of which, in that never-ending hereafter, all who have done His will shall be partakers.

There, in those heavenly mansions, where "the Lord hath prepared His throne," "the sun shall not smite by day, nor the moon by night," for that celestial city "hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" there "they shall not hunger nor thirst," they shall have "no night," no sickness, nor sorrow, nor sighing, nor tears, but shall ever be rejoicing and praising the King of kings and the Lord of lords, for His great and wonderful goodness; there they shall be eternally blessed, they shall know what they cannot here attain unto, and shall advance from glory unto glory forever and forever.

MARIA ELIZABETH.

Watertown, Conn.

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.—Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a solemn burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save all us poor sinners?"

She was lying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirm-ary ward of a work-house; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry, "You know Him, then, and love Him?"

"Yes, I do know Him, and love Him. His presence makes a heaven of this room."

"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."

Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE:

OR, WHAT ARE MOTHERS FOR?

CHAPTER VI.

"We give

A smile of wonder to the little woes
That drew the tears from our own young eyes,
The kind corrections and severe constraints
Imposed by those who loved us—so, we see
In every sorrow a kind instrument
To chasten, elevate, correct, subdue,
And fit us for the heavenly estate."

WHAT are we for? For what has God appointed us to so great and holy a calling, but that we may administer a government in the family akin to His own, after the pattern of the heavenly? A government, wise, kind, comprehensive, just and holy in all its departments and ramifications, ruling, controlling, guiding,

training and disciplining those under our care?

The parent is God's vicegerent, abiding in his little sphere to do, on a circumscribed scale, the work which the almighty Ruler is elaborating so stupendously throughout the vast universe. He is to found his administration upon the same principles, carry out his plans in the same spirit, have distinctly before his eye the same beneficent results. So reasoned my mother, and so, through the Bible and the system of Providence she studied the ways of God, that from the divine economy she might gather what the human and parental should be. Heaven was the model upon which she sought to fashion the earthly home. She knew there must be a dominant will and unlimited authority, that authority must be based on law, and that law was but a name without an attendant penalty. But she believed love to be more potent than fear as a moving principle, and placed more reliance upon an enlightened conscience than upon any selfish passion that might be touched.

Did she never punish? Oh, yes, when needed; but under her judicious and kind management it was seldom needed. She did not keep punishment constantly before her family as the alternative of obedience, as many parents do. She considered it, not as God holds it over the head of the incorrigible sinner, in the light of retributive justice, but, as it is viewed in the economy of grace and administered by a tender Father in the household of faith, as an educatory discipline. We were taught to do right because the thing to be done was in itself right, harmonious and beautiful—to avoid wrong, because sin was hateful and odious, and the fruitful parent of discord and misery. In accordance with the Scriptural injunction, she forebore threatening, and having fully set before us the consequences of a certain course of conduct, and used every instruction, admonition and motive to lead us to a right choice, she left us free to act for ourselves, and then gave us to eat of the fruit of our own way. Under such a regime it came to pass that severity of punishment was scarcely required in the household.

"I believe you never punish your children," said a visitor on one occasion to my mother.

"Always when they need it," was her reply.

"But what do you do? You do not whip them, nor shut them up, nor send them to bed supperless."

Mother smiled at the recapitulation of the various methods of discipline so commonly in use in her neighbors' families, as she very well knew.

"My children are usually obedient," she said, "and when they transgress I have found that a suitable reproof, or the consciousness that they have displeased and grieved me is quite enough to bring them to repentance. And you know," she added, "that the true aim and end of punishment is to bring the transgressor to repentance. Does not our Heavenly Father visit with the rod to bring us to a sense of our sin, and of His displeasure? Is not His justice always

tempered with mercy? And when we repent and turn to Him with sorrow of heart and determination to reform, does He not receive us with open arms, love us freely, and cast all our sins behind His back? Parents are too much inclined to exercise their authority in the spirit of stern justice rather than in that of love: God mingles the two attributes harmoniously, and so may we. I have found by experience that a simple deprivation, the forfeiture of a smile or favor for the time being, the denial of a kiss, or some similar discipline, more moral than physical in its effects, had a better influence upon the child, and was more lasting in its results, than the usual forms of punishment.

Mother did not, however, ignore even the rod, though she held it as a punishment of the second degree. Rather, it sank to this secondary place by force of circumstances—for she had been enabled to attain by her gentle, yet firm management, such control of our conscience and affections, that the moral sway was fully established over the physical.

My little sister Lizzie had at one time contracted a habit, very common with children, yet annoying and improper in the extreme, of contradicting those around her with great frequency and positiveness. Mother talked to her a great deal about it, but owing more to heedlessness than wilfulness in the child, it was not overcome, but grew more and more obvious.

"Lizzie," said mother one day, "I am going to try a new plan to cure you of this naughty habit. I am going to whip you every time you do it, I shall keep this ruler upon my table, and the first time you contradict any one I shall give you three smart raps on your hand. The second time you do it I shall give you four, the third, five, and so on, increasing one blow with every offense."

"I sha'n't like that a bit," said Lizzie. So devoid was mother of all passion and vindictiveness in the matter, so calm and deliberate, and so evidently intent on the simple good of the child, that they talked it over very pleasantly and candidly together. Lizzie felt that it was right, and though she shrank, of course, as any child would, from bodily pain, she submitted cordially to the discipline to be imposed.

"It will hurt awfully," said she, "I don't believe I shall hold my hand out straight."

"You need something to quicken your memory," said mother, "and I'm pretty sure the smart of the rod will do it."

It was not long before the promised punishment had to be inflicted. Three tingling blows made the little hand red and painful, but Lizzie knew she deserved it, and bore it with great fortitude. The next day a little incident occurred which fastened itself on my memory.

"I have been looking over your writing exercise, Lizzie," said mother, "and I notice you have written *that* instead of *the* in one place."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the child, "I'm sure"—She was going to say, "I didn't," in flat contradiction of mother's assertion, but

she checked herself. "I thought I wrote it right," she proceeded after a minute's stop, "shall I go and see?"

"Yes, my dear; it is possible I may have been mistaken. Bring your slate."

The slate was brought, and it was found that Lizzie was right, and mother had made the mistake.

Mother smiled—a smile of approbation—upon the child. "I am glad it was I who was wrong," said she, "and I am pleased, too, that you remembered not to contradict. I noticed that you corrected yourself just as you were going to speak."

"I remembered just in time to save my whipping," said Lizzie, laughing; "I'm glad of it, for I don't like those ugly slaps."

She never needed them afterwards. The punishment had proved effectual, and the habit was quickly broken.

"But the whipping wasn't half so hard to bear," said she, as in after years we were recapitulating some of the incidents of our childhood, as the way I was punished on another occasion.

"One Wednesday afternoon mother sent me over to Mrs. Carpenter's on an errand. She told me I might stay an hour and play with the baby, but charged me not to stay to tea. She was very emphatic about it, telling me over and over again, to be sure to be home to supper."

"I did my errand, and Mrs. Carpenter wanted me to take off my things and stop, but I said, 'No, I must soon go home.'"

"Then she went to the closet and got me a large piece of honey-comb, which she said they had just taken from their own hives. It was very delicious, and eating that and playing with little Mattie, the time quickly passed away. I saw it was beginning to grow towards night, and said I must go."

"You are not going to do any such thing," said Mrs. Carpenter, "you are to have your supper before you go. See, I have got the table set and tea is almost ready, I have prepared it early on purpose for you."

"Mrs. Carpenter was a hospitable woman, and no doubt meant it all in kindness, but I have thought many times since how wrong it was for any one to manage so with children, and urge them—almost compel them to break over the commands of their parents. I am sure grown people ought to help children to be good, and not entice them to do wrong."

"I want you to get home before dark," said she, but you are not going without eating some of my good toast and honey. And see, there is some nice plum-cake, too. It's all ready now—sit down."

"But mother told me not to stay, Mrs. Carpenter," said I, "and I can't—I must go home."

"Oh, I'll make it all right with mother," she answered, "never you fear. I'll bear all the blame—all the blame," and she seated me at the table with the cunning baby in her high-chair at my side, and placed a heaping plate

of hot toast and honey before me. 'Now eat, said she, 'and don't be afraid, and you'll get home in good season after all.'

"But I did feel afraid. 'Oh, I can't—I don't think I ought to, Mrs. Carpenter, I should like to so much, but'—"

"I sha'n't have any buts," said she, "you are not going home this cold night without some good, warm supper. Now eat away, for there's no time to lose—and mind, child, I'll take the responsibility, I'll settle it all right with your mother."

"That was the only time in my life that I didn't relish Mrs. Carpenter's nice suppers. I went through with the form, but I couldn't enjoy anything I ate, and hurrying through, I put my things on quickly, said good-by, and made the best of my way home, her last words at the door ringing all the way in my ears, 'Tell your mother to put all the blame on me.'

"Mother was in the hall to meet me as soon as I lifted the latch of the front-door. I guess she had been watching for me."

"Oh, you've come, Lizzie," she exclaimed eagerly, as I entered, 'it was getting so late, I began to be afraid.'

"Why, it isn't near dark," said I.

"Oh, I wasn't afraid of the dark, dear; I was afraid you hadn't minded what I told you, and had staid to supper."

"I felt badly enough, I tell you. But, of course, I couldn't conceal the truth, and I didn't try."

"I did stay to tea, mother," said I. "Mrs. Carpenter made me. She got supper real early on purpose for me, and said I should stay, and that you mustn't blame me—that she would make it all right when she saw you. I couldn't help it, mother."

"Oh, my dear child," returned mother, with that look of disappointment and sorrow that always made us feel so bad. I've said many a time that I'd rather take a good whipping any day, than one of those looks."

"Oh, my dear child," said she, "is it possible you have disobeyed me? I was afraid, as it grew late, that you had been tempted to stay, but when the door opened and I found you had come before dark, my heart leaped within me."

"I never shall forget that expression, 'my heart leaped within me.' It showed how very earnest she was that we should be particular and prompt in our compliance with her directions. I was so sorry, I didn't know what to do or say."

"I didn't want to stay a bit, mother," said I. "I'm real sorry, but I couldn't help it, and Mrs. Carpenter kept saying she'd bear all the blame."

"Would that excuse be one you could give to God in the judgment-day?" asked mother, solemnly. "Could you stand up with a clear conscience and say, 'Some one persuaded me to do wrong, and was willing to bear all the blame? No, my dear, we must always answer for our own actions. No one can bear the blame of sin for us.'"

"I knew she was right, and it was a lesson

I never forgot. No beating with the rod, no shutting up in the closet, no sending me supperless to bed, could have made me so truly sorry for my fault as that look on mother's face, and her few, solemn, wise words impressed upon my mind and conscience a sense of my individual responsibility, of my free agency, and of my accountability to God, that I never lost. What a good mother we had!"

And I could say Amen, with all my heart to my sister's testimony. H. E. B.

CHRISTIAN EFFORTS FOR BOYS.

Boys are in all our streets, and are always the same in general characteristics. They are more accessible than most of us suppose. But to reach them effectually takes time, patience, and genuine good-natured resolution. Half-trying is of no use. Every success will cost half its labor to get at the boy—a quarter more to prove your honesty and remove prejudice—then you have time left for instruction and counsel.

The truest philanthropists are often your earnest boy-hunters. Such men and women are frequently the most efficient Christians. They go out literally into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in to the gospel-feast. Their power of compulsion lies in gentle and wise words, which spring right out of tender, earnest, and bold Christian hearts. If there is a sign of the coming of Christ upon earth, it is certainly seen in the mission-schools, and ragged-schools, and reform-schools of our day, and by no means least, in the noble systems of public schools which exalt our New England cities and towns. But more is needed. A boy wants a friend. A boy wants respect, esteem, love. He has strong, generous, restless impulses. He is reaching out after sympathy in his own aspirations. Yes, aspirations. Every living boy is ambitious. He pants for distinction. He is dead if his ambition has been crowded out. Such a boy is a victim either to some infamous appetite, or to wasting oppression from a task-master.

Now meet this noble desire with its appropriate aliment. As Abbott so appositely tells us, "load him." Let him prove his mettle and endurance. Let him feel that he is not forgotten, that his onward, upward struggles are observed, admired and commended. Add counsels of guidance, words of encouragement. Feel the value of the prize, a good citizen, an humble Christian, perhaps a future governor, president, or general.

It is a sad truth that numbers of the sons of intelligent piety, often of the highly-educated and honored, live in merited obscurity. Too many such are dwarfed by their hot-house training. Others never prize privileges which come so cheaply to them. Yet others seem to feel it enough to be called by their father's name, as if that was both position and influence enough. But sad though it is, it is true that our future depends upon "rescued boys" in a great degree. Who of us is enrolled and equipped, and at work here?—*Boston Recorder.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"ONE FOOT TOO SHORT."

SEVERAL years ago, when a faithful pastor had appointed an evening in which to meet those who were inquiring the way to Christ, there came to him a man, not of this country, who seeing others there, said, "I will not detain you now, I will come again when you are alone, but I should like to ask you one question about an expression which you used in a prayer a short time since. You said, 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' He did not know that this was a quotation from the Bible. 'Do you believe that?' 'Yes.' 'Suppose a man not only upright toward man, but reverent toward God, what do you say of his obedience?'"

The minister replied; "Imagine yourself in our harbor, in a little boat tossed violently by the waves, you let out your anchor, but find your rope one foot too short; it is good as far as it goes, but it is good for nothing for your safety, so it is with mere morality. It cannot save you." "I see," exclaimed the man, and he became a Christian. St. Paul said, "I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." He did not appreciate the requirements of God's law, but when he understood it his inward quiet and peace were destroyed. We cannot obtain salvation by good works. Christ brings peace to our hearts, and all we have to do is to accept the proffered mercy. MARY L.

THE MOTHER'S MISSION.

"SOMETIMES mothers think it is hard to be shut up at home with the care of little children. But she that takes care of little children takes care of great eternities. She that takes care of a little child takes care of an empire that knows no bounds and no dimensions.

It was a great thing to have been a Milton, and to have written many of his sonnets, that are like birds without nests, singing in the air, and never tiring. It is a great thing to have written his "Paradise Lost," and various other poems of his. But the mother that is bringing up a child is doing a work that is transcendently greater than the writing of any of Milton's pieces. The parent that stays at home and takes care of children, is doing a work as boundless as God's heart.

As when the time for seed-sowing is past, if the seed is not sown no industry or regret can avail; so when a child has gone forth from under the parental care, if the work is not done you cannot follow it, nor change it. Some alleviation there may be, and some after-refuge; but there can be no complete remedy. There is no way of compensating for neglect to sow the seed at the proper time. The seed-sowing time is when your children are at home, in your family; and if you are going to do anything for them, you must do it then. Then take heed. The time is flying. What you do for your children, do quickly, or it will be too late. You

may be taken from them. If they are taken from you, thank God. Happy is that family that has cherubs in heaven. Blessed are they whose care and responsibility are ended because Christ hath taken their darlings. Better teachers than you are, are angels. A better parent than you are, is God. And blessed are those of your children that have gone to be with Him. But what is done for those that yet remain with you, must be done speedily. Your days are ages in their effect, and yet they are fugitive as the arrow that flits through the air."—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

LIVE ONE DAY AT A TIME.

"God gives us but one care to bear," said Aunt Nabby, earnestly, "that is, to glorify Him, by growing daily more holy ourselves, and by trying to lead others to serve Him. All other care He bids us cast upon Him, knowing that He careth for us. That we may do so, He gives us three lessons to learn. The first is, 'that it is enough for the servant to be as his master.' Now, our Master led no luxurious life. In that beautiful form of prayer He gave us, He bade us pray for our 'daily bread.' The whole spirit of the Divine teachings forbids our praying for riches, to be expended upon ourselves, and dare we seek for that for which we should not dare to pray—for that *against* which we prayed? What would we think of Paul living in luxury? And was the example of Christ more binding upon him than it is on us? If we remembered this, should we not lose much of our feverish anxiety?"

"Undoubtedly; but what is the second lesson?" I asked.

"To live one day at a time. Is it not taught, when we are bidden to pray, 'Give us *this* day our daily bread,' not for to-day and to-morrow also, but only for *this* day? If we thus lived, we should lose another enormous load of care. What a happy life! Each morning, like a little child, putting our hand lovingly into the Great Father's, then, if in danger of falling, that mighty hand would save us, for though we trust to Him the salvation of our souls, we scarcely trust Him at all in worldly things, unless we can almost see the coming good."

"But should we not provide for sickness and old age?"

"Certainly; but when we have planned as wisely as we can, we have no right to be anxious about success, for we have the absolute promise of God, that 'all things work together for good to them that love God,' and it is the third lesson we have to learn, to *believe* it. Every word of that precious promise should be stamped upon our hearts with a Divine emphasis. With what pathos did the Master point to the birds and field-lilies, as proofs of the loving care of our Father! How touchingly does he add, 'Shall He not much more clothe you, O, ye of little faith? for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these

things.' The promise is sure; let us trust, nothing doubting, even if we cannot see how good is to come from seeming misfortune. Oh, if we were more self-denying—if we would live one day at a time, as God gives it to us, instead of condensing into it years of anxiety for troubles which, if they come, are but disguised blessings; if we would believe God's Word instead of our own wicked fears, should we not lose all care, save the holy one lest we offend our Saviour? Would not the words of the Psalms be fulfilled to us, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose heart is stayed on Thee?'—*Tract Journal*.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

STUDYING HUMAN NATURE.

ONE good way is to take a subscription paper for some poor family for whose children you wish to get clothing, that they may go to the day and Sabbath-school. You ask the blessing of your Heavenly Father, and go forth on your errand of mercy. It is a bright, cold afternoon in winter, and you step briskly, thinking of those half-clad little ones that huddle all day around the old, cracked stove, in that dark shanty. You determine that the older ones of that sad group shall soon be in school, and feel sure that the villagers only need to hear of their wants to relieve them. You ring the door-bell of one of your near neighbors, meet the lady of the house and state your errand. She gravely informs you that for her part, she thinks there are Irish enough in the schools now, and wonders what you want of more. You reply pleasantly, and although she gives nothing, the next day she helps you sew upon the dresses for the children.

At the next place the lady detains you with a long account of the good deeds of a charitable aunt of hers, and finally gives a pair of shoes. At the next place you are told that "beggars all seem to come there," but receive pleasant words, and a nimble quarter. Then you enter a clothing store, and are told that the town had better help them, but receive a reluctant quarter. At another successful call you feel that the money is given for your sake instead of the poor family. Another merchant informs you that he has none of the trade of Irish laborers, and you had better go where they receive their earnings. Over the way you receive a quarter, and no advice. You are grateful that the latter is withheld, and then go to the Bank. The president is in, you repeat your story, and are surprised by receiving a dollar, and kind words too. Thus encouraged you go on with a blessing in your heart for the silver-haired father whose kindness was a trap to catch a sunbeam. You feel sure that his alms will come up as a memorial before Heaven, and that God will bless him. You never look upon the old gentleman afterwards, but your heart goes out to him in love and gratitude. Then you go to the parsonage. The minister is out, but the next day he calls and leaves

another dollar. The kind wife of the banker also calls and leaves a dollar, and puts you in a way to receive a bundle of clothing.

On the whole you have enjoyed the afternoon's work and lay your head on the pillow at night wiser than in the morning. You have measured the souls of more than a dozen of your villagers, and know just whom to trust, or to whom you can apply in the hour of need. God loveth a cheerful giver, and so do the suffering poor. The next day you go to the shanty with your bundles of clothing for the little ones, and words are poor to express the gratitude and joy of those recipients. You wonder that they are so cheerful and healthy, shut up in that dark cabin. Bright, pretty children, as promising as those that play in your own well-furnished parlor, huddle together all these cold days in that one room. They count the days for summer to come, and no wonder! they love God's sweet sunshine, and balmy airs, better than do the favored children of the rich. They appreciate the berries that grow so plenteously on our hillsides, and they are as free to them as to you. The promise is easily obtained that the children shall go to school, and you leave the shanty with the blessing of the poor to go with you, and such a blessing is more to be coveted than all the gold of the rich. You would rather have it. How you wished that some of your nervous, complaining lady-friends, who fondly believed they were sick, and were spending their living upon the physicians and were nothing bettered, but rather made worse, would go with you to that abode of poverty, and learn a lesson of contentment from the contrast of that home to their own elegant dwellings.

If it is the employment of angels to go out on missions of mercy, cannot mortals become better by being like them, "angels in human guise," and relieve the unfortunate poor. No one is so destitute but he can give the cheerful, kindly word, which bringeth sunshine and gladness. It will repay a hundred fold. God loveth a cheerful giver, and is a liberal paymaster.

S. M. P.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

LINES,

BY ELIZABETH WILCOX, AGED NINETY-NINE.

YEARS ninety-nine, by grace divine,
I have lived upon this clod;
And soon I must return to dust,
For thus saith the word of God.

My limbs I lay down in the clay,
Until the resurrection,
I hope I shall, when Christ doth call,
Appear in pure perfection,

I then shall be from all sin free,
And with that holy nation,
I hope to sing of Christ, my King,
For He is our salvation.

Then shall my fears and groans and tears,
Be wiped away forever,
And I may share with saints above,
Christ's everlasting favor.

Angels of light, and great in might,
Shall not excel in glory,
The meanest slave, Christ died to save,
Who learns salvation's story.

Oh, glorious Three, eternity
Will not be too extended,
For a saved race, to sing His grace,
That song will ne'er be ended.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE WISH OF THE SICK SOLDIER.

"I WISH I was as good as some folks," said a sick man as he lay in pain on his cot in the hospital. "I wish I was as good as some folks," he repeated again and again. He had lived among the hills of New England and he knew from observation something of a religious life. In his father's house he had seen little but discord, the unkind step-mother had made his home uncomfortable and the quick temper of his father had only increased the difficulty. He had enlisted in the army, and his exposures had brought on typhus fever, he was unable to go on with his regiment and was left among strangers in a hospital. His mind was ill at ease, he had seen two men of the regiment, who had "bunked" with him, die and their bodies sent home to be buried in the graveyards of their native villages. He knew he might be very near death himself and his past life came up to be reviewed. He had been a wicked man, he said, a profane man, now he shuddered at oaths and he longed for that peace which the world can never give.

A lady who visited him endeavored to lead him to Jesus, to show him the way to eternal life; whether he learned that way or not she does not know, she saw him but once after this conversation and then he was suffering too much to be able to talk. The next time she visited the hospital his cot was empty, the clean sheets and smooth pillow showed that it was his no longer. "Where is —?" she asked of a young man who lay next him. "He is dead," was the half-whispered reply.

He had died for his country just as truly as he who fought at Donelson. Had he enlisted, even in the last hours of his life, in that other great army which is made up of those who "fight the good fight of faith?" This question we cannot answer, we must leave him with the All-loving, who we know listens to even the feeblest aspirations for a better life. But let us learn from such deaths as this, to pray more earnestly, not only for the success of our army, but for the spiritual life of the men who compose it.

ANNA HOPE.

SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT SOUTHERNERS, IN THE BETTER DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"THERE is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery."

George Washington, April 12th, 1786.

"The scheme, my dear Marquis, which you

propose as precedent, to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this country from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart."

Washington to Lafayette, 1783.

"It is the most earnest wish of America to see an entire stop forever put to the wicked, cruel and unnatural trade in slaves."

Meeting at Fairfax, Va., July 18th, 1774, presided over by Washington.

"I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just. His justice cannot sleep forever."

Jefferson's Notes on Slavery in Virginia, 1782.

"The king of Great Britain has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him; capturing and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation hither." Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence.

"After the year 1800 of the Christian Era, there shall be neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States," (all of the territories then belonging to the United States.)

Jefferson's Ordinance of 1787, unanimously approved by Congress and signed by Washington.

"We have seen the mere distinction of color made in the most enlightened period of time, a ground of the most oppressive dominion ever exercised by man over man."

James Madison.

"We have found that this evil has preyed upon the very vitals of the Union and has been prejudicial to all the States in which it has existed."

James Monroe.

"The tariff was only the pretext, and disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the negro or slavery question."

Andrew Jackson, May, 1833.

"Sir, I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North, who rises here to defend slavery on principle."

John Randolph, of Roanoke.

"The people of Carolina form two classes, the rich and the poor. The poor are very poor; the rich, who have slaves to do all their work, give them no employment. The little they get is laid out in brandy, not in books and newspapers; hence, they know nothing of the comparative blessings of our country, or of the dangers which threaten it, therefore they care nothing about it."

General Francis Marion to Baron De Kalb.

"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage."

Henry Clay.

Alluding to the time the above sentiment was uttered, Thos. H. Benton, says:

"That was a proud day. I could have wished that I had spoken the same words; I speak them now, telling you they were his, and adopting them as my own."

"We consider the voluntary enslaving of one part of the human race by another, as utterly inconsistent with the law of God, which enjoins that 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

Resolution unanimously adopted by the Gen. Assembly of the Pres. Church of the U. S. of America, 1818.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENTS, IN THE EVIL DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The prevailing ideas entertained by most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution, were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally and politically. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. This stone which was rejected by the first builders, is become the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice."

A. H. Stephens, V. Pres. of the so-called Southern Confed'y.

"It is nothing produced by Mr. Lincoln's election or the non-execution of the fugitive slave law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years."

R. Barnwell Rhett, in the South Carolina Convention.

Mr. Yancey, moved:—"That the federal laws prohibiting the African slave trade ought to be repealed."

W. L. Yancey, in the Montgomery Convention, May, 1858.

"What is the difficulty, and what is the remedy? It is found in that atheistic, red republican doctrine of the Declaration of Independence. Until that is trampled under foot, there can be no peace."

Rev. Dr. Smyth, of South Carolina.

Children's Department.

ROBERT WALKER:

OR, THE BOY WHO STRUCK HIS MOTHER.

A Story for Children, which their Parents may read.

ROBERT WALKER was a fair-haired, beautiful boy, the first child in the family. With what delight his parents regarded him, when they named him for his father, and thought of him as the comfort of their lives, the support of their old age, and an honor to their name! He was indeed an object worthy of their warmest love, for he was an immortal being, and was given them as a most precious gift of God. They forgot their most sacred duty to him, much as they were devoted to him. They never taught him that he had a soul which must be saved or lost. They never taught him to pray, for they themselves did not worship God in their family or in the sanctuary.

Little Robert was never led to the Sabbath-school nor to church. He was never told the story of our Saviour's life and death. He was never taught to love Him as the Redeemer of sinners, nor to regard the Sabbath as a day set apart for His worship. When he became old enough to go out by himself, he passed its holy hours in strolling about the fields, and searching for choice fruit in the neighbors' orchards. He soon grew bold enough to enter gardens and help himself to whatever he chose; musk-melons and water-melons disappeared, and people wondered who could take them—nothing was safe.

From a gentle child who might easily have been restrained from evil and guided in the path of truth and virtue, Robert became a turbulent boy, disobedient at home and un-

manageable at school. He not only rebelled against the authority of his parents and teachers, but once, in an evil hour, he raised his hand and struck his mother—struck the mother who had watched over his infancy!—who had passed sleepless nights by his bed, as he lay tossing with fever; who had counted no labor too great which his comfort required! From that hour his doom seemed fixed. Had he studied the Bible he might have learned how fearful a thing it is to break the command, which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Robert continually grew more and more reckless. He often refused to assist his father in the labors of the farm. He preferred the street to his home, and was frequently out late at night. He would give no account of himself, but when questioned by his parents he would tell them it was none of their business—he should do as he pleased. They were reaping the fruit of their own doings, and bitter it was to them. They felt they might have had a son worthy of their love, had they not neglected to "train him up in the way he should go."

Various petty thefts occurred. Private dwellings and shops were broken open, and money taken from them. Watch-dogs often gave an alarm in the night, and soon after the faithful creatures died of poison.

One night a cry of fire aroused the village, and the dwelling of a poor feeble woman, who lived alone, was found in flames. The fire issued from an unoccupied part of the building, and was evidently the work of an incendiary. The flames rolled up and sent forth a fiery shower in every direction. It seemed at one time as if half the houses of the village must be destroyed, and but for "Him who hath gathered up the wind in His fists," it would have been so.

The poor affrighted woman was saved, to be sheltered in future by charity, or that last refuge of the homeless—the alms-house.

The fire at length subsided, and the people returned to their homes; but what was the amazement of some, to find that their houses had been plundered in their absence! The alarm became general. There must be desperate men lurking about, ready for any deed of darkness. Families hardly dared retire to their beds at night—some one kept a watch.

Could it be possible that a mere boy could cause all this annoyance and alarm, and do all this injury? It was even so. The boy, who had raised his hand against his mother, had at length raised it against the community. He, who had first stolen apples, had stolen silver and gold, and had not hesitated to become guilty of arson, that he might commit his thefts with more security.

A profuse use of his ill-gotten wealth betrayed him. He was arrested, tried, and found guilty.

The fair-haired, beautiful Robert, who was to have been an honor to his parents, and stay of their old age, was sent to a prison,

to wear the livery of disgrace in companionship with those who had grown gray in crime. Surely, "the way of transgressors is hard."

"Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

GOOD MANNERS.

If children knew how much their behaviour is noticed, they surely would take some pains to make pleasant impressions upon those who see and hear them.

It is so easy to be agreeable while they are young. We cannot help thinking, if we do not speak, when we meet with a striking impropriety in any one, grown person or child. So it was with us the other day as we left a door. We thought, now if that little girl had asked in a gentle tone of voice, "Who shall I tell my aunt has called?" or "Please leave your card?" how pretty it would have been, instead of saying as she did, "What is your name?" She is no doubt a fine child, but the defect in her manners hides the goodness of her heart.

AUNT ALICE.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

LOOKS AND WORDS.

I was walking down the street the other day when I saw a small boy dressed in the extreme of the mode. His curls all arranged in nice order, and his spotless pantalettes, looking as if he were kept in a band-box or show-window instead of being a child of energy and flesh and blood. He had apparently escaped for the moment from maternal surveillance, and was enjoying himself to the full upon a board in the middle of a small pond of water, made by the melting snow. He was jumping up and down, and hearing the splash, looked up to me with evident delight. At this moment his mother appeared in sight, astonished at the view which met her eyes.

"Come in, this moment," she exclaimed, reddening with anger, "or I will break every bone in your skin!" Seizing him with a jerk, down he went into the mud, his pretty clothes spoiled for the once; and I felt sad enough, as I pursued my way, thinking what a martyr that poor boy already was to the foolish love of display in the breast of his mother.

Children are not influenced alone by the select occasions which parents take to impress motives upon their minds or inculcate religious truth. It is the unconscious looks and actions, the tender voice, or the loud, sharp reproof, that make an unceasing impression upon the child.

"I slave myself to death for my children," exclaimed one mother to me. Ah! yes, but not for their moral culture, not to educate them for a higher life, but to make them appear well in this. Her motto was, "You can never stand well in society, if you are not properly dressed. Dress is the gauge of respectability. Show me

a well-attired individual, I will show you a person who makes his mark and is far more likely to procure a good situation in life."

You can easily imagine, that with these views, her children grew up expensive, wasteful, inert members of the very society she sought to adorn. I have lived to see her cruel disappointment, but she consoles herself by saying that "training children is just a lottery. They may come out a prize, or they may be a blank."

"You are a foolish woman," said another to me, "to conduct your child's education yourself." Such a large boy as that wants the impetus of school, the weight of a master's authority. Be assured that he will know nothing of the world, he is just like a hot-house plant; in fact he will turn out a 'spooney.'"

"All we have to do," I replied, "is to perform as faithfully as lies in our power, our part of the work, and leave the rest to God. A child can never be educated to be good, or to be a Christian; no man can change the heart. When I reflect upon my responsibility with these dear children and on the few fleeting years which are allowed me to train their immortal souls, I cannot think of consigning them to a stranger. A painter once wished to have two pictures in his collection; one the model of smiling innocence ere the blight of sin had marred its lovely face, the other the image of crime after long years of depravity and when the indulgence of passion had ruined all the fair workmanship of God. So he selected for the first a child in the arms of its happy mother. It was a beautiful picture, well worthy such a pencil. But for many years he could not find the extreme contrast; no face met his view sufficiently vile to form the extreme of human depravity.

After many years, he wandered one day through a prison, and in the condemned cell beheld a young man loaded with chains. Fierce bravado was in his eye and crime stamped on his countenance. The painter thought of his long-forgotten intention, and seizing his pencil, transferred the face to paper. With the enthusiasm of genius he procured the contrast, the lovely babe of former years, and showed it to the poor out-cast. With a start and deep groan the young man cried, "That is my mother's face! I was that smiling babe!"

How often in your experience, my friend, and in my own, has this affecting story been verified. When the sweet boy has grown to man's estate without correct principles or restraining grace, how he has fallen, entrapped perhaps for the very cordial manners or social qualities, which rendered him doubly beloved at home. Many a son of promise has gone to a drunkard's grave in this city, allured by the tempter, and crushing the fond hearts of mother, sister and wife! Is there no secret hiding-place where these beloved children of our fondest hope may be hidden? There is the hiding-place of the Almighty, and I confess I know of no other 'invisible shield' to bestow

upon them. We must by faith lay hold of the Hand which moves the universe, and gently lead our children to the Good Shepherd; not by a few warning notes or admonitions. An unceasing vigilance is required. Would you guard their health from insidious disease, guard the avenues of corruption which would pour their tide into their yielding hearts. Do not imagine in your weak love that your children are any better by nature than those of others. Do not blind yourself to their faults, neither be harsh in reproof. But, ah! how many point the way, and fail to walk in the right path themselves! God give us grace and wisdom!

G.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

I DOUBT not, my dear Christian friends, that we all read this passage very often, to re-assure our fainting hearts, and to strengthen our weak faith. It has been familiar and dear to me from childhood, but I have recently had such fresh light thrown upon it by two illustrations that have occurred in my life, that it seems invested with new meaning.

Repeated invitations to visit a valued friend at last found me able to accept, but being on a journey, I had no opportunity, after I decided to go, even to telegraph her of my expected arrival. And so it chanced that I came to her unannounced and unexpected. It was easy to discover from the perplexed looks of my hostess how things stood. An unusually large family, together with sickness, had put all the rooms in requisition; and the problem was to be solved where she could dispose of me for the night. Subsequently comfortable arrangements were made, and a loving assurance given that I was more than welcome. But I can never forget that first impression, the mortification, the feeling of intrusion, of being unexpected, unbidden, which I endured; and which made me inwardly resolve never again to take a friend by surprise, or go where there was no "place prepared for me."

A few weeks since we were expecting home an absent child. A change in domestic arrangements had assigned her a new room, and to have it all in readiness for her welcome return, was only a pleasure to us—her parents. With real gratification we selected the new furniture, and consulted carefully as to her peculiar tastes. "She fancies such and such things," we said; "such or such an arrangement would conduce most to her pleasure, comfort or improvement." No time was lost, that all might be ready before she should arrive, and when she came, all was finished. Fresh flowers had been gathered to greet her, all awaited her, and a place was prepared for our child. With loving hearts, eager expectation, and open arms, we received her.

Many, many months since, another dearly-loved child of ours was absent from home, and he, too, was expected, was longed for. But, dear Christian friends, he did not belong to us alone. He was a child of God, and absent from

His home, and there, too, he was expected was looked for! "One beloved Eye, whose light dispels all gloom," was watching for him and a place was prepared for his reception. No stranger hands were entrusted with the loving task. The Lord Jesus Himself, went home long before, to perform this very act of welcome for him. The promise runs, "I go to prepare a place for you." "For you!" Not to share another's position and joys, but to fill his own, for we cannot doubt but that his own and most appropriate place was all tenderly and lovingly made ready. One suited exactly to his wishes, his tastes, his capacities. This was his happy welcome. Nor was this all. The loving Friend was not contented with all these preparations, He did not, as we should, have done, stay and await the arrival, but when the hour arrived, when everything that a Saviour's boundless resources and fathomless love could suggest, had been accomplished, "He came again and received him to Himself, that where Jesus was he should be also."

Blessed parent of a Christian child, who has been called away from you! can you not, when you look at these precious promises of Jesus, dry your tears and cheerfully say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Let not your heart be troubled," "there are many mansions," among them Jesus is now preparing a place for you.

MARA.

Vale of Bacc., Jan., 1862.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1862.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE A. F. G. SOC.

THE annual discourse in behalf of the A. F. G. Society and Home for the Friendless, will be delivered (D.V.) on Sabbath evening, May 4th, by Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-first Street.

The Home children will occupy the galleries. The public are invited to attend.

BUSINESS MEETING.—On Wednesday, May 7th, the Society will hold its usual anniversary meeting for the transaction of business, in the Home Chapel, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. Exercises by the children at 3 P. M. The Society and its Auxiliaries and friends may anticipate a pleasant reunion, and renewed stimulants to labor for the perishing. It will be recollected that the Friday previous to our annual gatherings has long been observed as a concert of prayer for the various departments of our work. At no season have the claims for this special remembrance been more pressing than at the present. The condition of our country, the perils moral and physical,

that surround the loved ones enlisted for its preservation, all that is dear to us as Christian wives, mothers and daughters, prompt to prayer, point to the Mercy-seat as the only source of hope and trust.

The entire history of the Society is one of encouragement to prayer. Let us ever remember all the way that the Lord our God hath led us, and that it is equally true of societies communities and nations, "He will be with us while we be with Him, but if we forsake Him He will cast us off forever."

EARLY RESCUED, EARLY LOST.

THE panorama of living realities, constantly passing in review before those whose duties bring them in contact with the "early lost," often presents sad pictures of child-life in the million city. The yearning desire to rescue and save, in special cases, often elicits but wasted sympathy, because of obstacles interposed by misguided and degraded parents, and while the progressive steps in the way to ruin are witnessed with pain, human aid seems unavailing.

The following history of a single case is but one of many. Several years since, a family were found by a Home visitor in a state of extreme wretchedness. Both parents were intemperate. The mother, at this time an invalid, was found lying upon a pile of rags, the only bed the miserable premises afforded, half-clad, without food or fuel, or any of the common comforts or decencies of life. The father spent his earnings in the bar-room, sending his children out as beggars, often beating them cruelly when angry, and doing nothing for their support. After repeated efforts by the visitor to rescue the eldest—a girl of nine, who it was found had already fled away to escape her father's cruelty—he consented to give her to the Home. In her ignorance and helplessness she had sought shelter in a place worse than a den of thieves, and here the poor victim was not readily relinquished. We looked upon her when washed, and clothed, and seated quietly with our dear Home children, as a brand plucked from the burning. A few months passed, and both this child and a sister near her own age were permanently provided with Christian homes, and judicious training. But no persuasion, then or subsequently, would induce the wretched parents to part with the youngest, or so to amend their ways as to fit them to discharge parental duty. The vocation of the child has since been that of the vagrant, her associations such as can be contemplated only with pain. Since these sisters

were separated, eight years have passed, and to-day we have met once again, the "early lost," and one of the "early saved," of this trio. How widely has their lot in life diverged. What a contrast in their surroundings and characters! The one now stands before, us advanced to womanhood, though young, the beloved wife of a worthy companion, whom she expects soon to accompany to a distant home in heathen lands. The other, just in her teens, old in sin and sorrow, homeless, friendless, ignorant of all most important for her to know, and knowing far too much of which she should have been forever ignorant. The father recently died as he lived, a besotted inebriate, the mother has found refuge in the last earthly home of the pauper, physically a wreck, soon to pass away. Is it not well for the two sisters "early rescued" that they were separated from their parents ere the moral blight had become fatal? Perhaps the "early lost" may yet be saved; sinned against more than sinning, the victim rather than the wilful transgressor, surely no pains should be spared in her behalf. But a vast amount of patient toil must be required to undo the wrong of early years, obliterate impressions of evil, re-form the habits, and instil right principles. How much easier had it been to "take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty."

To take a little child in its innocence and helplessness, and save it from a dark future by careful Christian nurture, is surely a blessed work, and performed with right motives, cannot fail of its reward. But those who may have the faith and firmness, the spirit of self-denial and patient continuance in well-doing, to prompt to the effort of trying to save a soul from death, already half-destroyed, assume a greater, less hopeful, more irksome, and yet equally-important task. Still many who have been led by love to the Saviour of the lost, to undertake such a work, have found it less difficult than was apprehended, have met encouragements and achieved results quite beyond their expectations. Those who have seemed to fail, after having done what they could, may be comforted by the assurance,

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope."

If we may never despair of "the vilest," surely we may not of the mere child who has been the hapless victim of circumstances. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

IN future, the Editor of this paper cannot hold herself responsible for the return of communications not accepted.

GIVING—SO AS TO FEEL IT.

"Now thou mayst give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude."

"ALL these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had." LUKE xxi. 4.

THERE she stood—that poor widow. Constrained by the love of God, she had cast her two mites into His treasury. With what a thrill of joy did those approving words of the Master fall upon her listening ear. "They, of their abundance—she, of her penury." Not the amount of the offering, but the ability and the motive with which it was given, rendered it valuable in the estimation of Him who came to give His life a ransom for many. This incident has a lesson for all ages, through all time. Those who give, so as to feel it, thus following the example of Jesus, are the class who shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. So did the early disciples, suffering often the loss of all things, that they might confer blessings upon others. How entirely did they renounce a life of ease, opulence and luxury, regarding their possessions as valuable only as they might enhance their usefulness. In doing good as they had opportunity, especially to the household of faith, what fourfold spiritual blessings were poured into their own bosoms. Thus has it been in every succeeding age. Mark the devoted missionary to the heathen. Home, friends, country, Christian privileges, are cheerfully relinquished, and in their place, a strange land, toil, sacrifice, stern self-denial, and perhaps an early grave, welcomed as cheerfully; looking, not at the things that are seen and temporal, but to those unseen and eternal. They who go thus, give so as to feel it. Parents and friends who resign them to this service, do likewise; the humble, poor disciple at home, hidden and unknown, who gives, of his penury, and consecrates his being, with the same martyr-spirit; the Bible reader, the missionary visitor, in the dark places of the city, each and all who exhibit the spirit of Christ, in the sphere where His Providence has placed them, give so as to feel it; and thus lay up treasure where moth and rust doth not corrupt.

At the present time, "multitudes are suffering from the pressure of the war and its unwonted burdens, and probably for years to come the necessity of the most rigid economy, will be felt throughout our land. We may thus have a better opportunity than ever before to learn the enhanced blessedness of giving from our 'penury.' Many of those

who have formerly given of their abundance, and that very generously, without feeling it, must now give, if at all, from resources so diminished that the effort may cost a struggle, and involve retrenchment where the self-denial will be felt. Perhaps the very trying circumstances, into which many are now brought, are permitted as a test of their faith and Christian love, a test of their willingness to diminish personal and family expenses, adopt plainer styles of living, dress, equipage and dwellings; to be increasingly industrious, and "labor" as never before, "that they may have to give to him that needeth." Eph. iv. 28. Surely no Christian can feel that retrenchment is to begin with our offerings to God.

As a people, have we not thought that a few hundred thousand dollars annually given to charity was a large sum, and felt that we were doing pretty well to give thus liberally! But now, when the nation is pouring out its treasures like water in a life and death conflict with treason and rebellion, have we not special occasion to re-consider our doings. May not what we would now give, could peace be at once restored, on a right basis, indicate the measure of what we ought long since to have laid upon the altar for the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Now, the necessity of giving, so as to feel it, is upon us. Still famine and pestilence are withheld—our fields are not scathed by the tread of armies, unnumbered mercies cluster about our path. Are we poor, let us give cheerfully of our penury to the treasury of that Saviour, "who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

FREE CONCERTS AND SALOONS.

AMONG the throng of strangers and citizens in our streets, are many unsophisticated youths, of both sexes, full of romance, and eager to see and hear whatever solicits their attention. Hidden moral pit-falls lie along their path, white-washed sepulchres invite their entrance, well-planned agencies are largely compensated to lure them to evil, and while dangers stand thick on every side, they seem not to know their peril, or how to escape it.

Prominent among the traps set to decoy the unguarded are the free concerts and saloons abounding in the city. Finely decorated, abundantly provided with what may best please the taste of the gay and thoughtless, offering free ingress to the passers-by, while "music lends enchantment to the scene," what wonder that hundreds are enticed to enter.

In some of these resorts, pictures exposed to the public gaze at the entrance indicate the moral miasma upon the premises, in others, while vice and infamy are entirely veiled, still they are there, and as sure to do their work of death as the masked batteries of a hidden foe. Grief-stricken parents who mourn for lost ones, and will not be comforted because they are not, might in many instances find them here, behind the scenes, the victims of the spoiler. The free concert and saloon, send forth but the song of the syren. While they wear but the semblance of innocent amusement, the object of all their pains-taking appliances is not inaptly illustrated by the lines,

"Will you walk into my parlor
Said the spider to the fly."

Unsuspecting youth, about to visit the city, should be admonished to "avoid them, pass not by them, turn from them and pass away." Those at all worthy of patronage are the exception and not the rule. If the young would shun even the appearance of evil, they will refuse all companionship with those who frequent these places of resort, remembering that "one is known by the company he keeps," that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and that only "the pure in heart shall see God."

We quote the following from a London Magazine.

"*Cheap theatres, balls, and concerts, exercise a most demoralizing influence on the lower classes of juveniles.*

They present almost irresistible attractions—and the annals of juvenile delinquents are full of cases of petty thefts committed in order to procure the penny or two-pence required for admission.

Even if the price of admission be honestly obtained, the scenes to which the youthful spectator is there introduced are understood to be of the most flagitious and depraving nature, calculated only to inflame the passions, and deaden every virtuous feeling.

The magistrates of Edinburgh have, in their Local Police Act, the power of shutting up all such places, and by wisely and firmly exercising that authority, have prevented a large amount of evil experienced in other towns where no such power exists. Mr. Clay, of Preston, speaks thus of them, "Singing-rooms and dancing-rooms are training up boys and girls to familiarity with vice in every shape." He sent two of his officers to visit them. Their report describes "seven hundred boys and girls collected together to have their bodies poisoned with smoke and drink, and their minds poisoned with ribaldry and obscenity. Can any one have a doubt that the evil wrought in such a singing-room in a single night, outweighs all

the good that can be effected by a dozen Sunday-schools in a year?"

This subject opens up a very wide and important field of inquiry as to the best modes and means for relaxation to the working classes. The poor need relaxation and amusement even more than the rich; and though the discovery has not been made, surely there must exist some way or other of procuring a change of scene and of thought which shall be refreshing, improving, and beneficial to the laboring man. Popular lectures on moral and scientific subjects are admirable in themselves, and for those who can comprehend them—but they are far above the present intellectual reach of the neglected masses of our people; there must be a long course of teaching and instruction before they can be prepared to find relaxation in attending them.

Music, when deprived of all pernicious accessories, seems to be, for those who like it, at least a harmless recreation; but in our country the taste for it, merely as music, is far from universal, and the moment it assumes the form of the lewd or the Bacchanalian song, then its influences are wholly evil.

In truth, having to deal with corrupt human nature, it has hitherto been found all but impracticable to gather together multitudes of men and women for any purpose of mere amusement, without evil of some sort or other arising out of it. It will probably be found that the best and safest relaxations for all classes are such as are to be found within the family-circle—comprising within that circle for the time, relations, friends, and neighbors.

But whatever may be good recreation, there can be no question as to the evil effects of the cheap theatre, ball-room and concert-hall. The police of every town give one and the same account of them. Is it any real kindness to the lower classes to tolerate such places for their destruction? A wise and affectionate parent would as soon give poison to his children, as a truly wise state would suffer the existence of establishments bearing the attractive appellation of places of amusement, but calculated only to vitiate and deprave the rising generation.

Our Book Table.

Books for the Instruction of Contrabands.
Am. Tract Society, Boston. *Picture Lesson Book*, Part 1st.

These will meet a want, soon we trust, to be felt on a wide scale. Those who would aid in conveying the blessings of the gospel to the millions in our own land, from whom its light has been so long withheld, can do so most effectively by placing in their hands these first rudiments of education.

The Winter School; or the Boys' Campaign against one of their worst Enemies. By Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Published as above.

A book for boys, of rare merit, written by a model mother, who has trained her own sons for a future of honor and usefulness. Parents of less experience may find its lessons of practical wisdom just such as they wish placed in the hands of their children. Its style is attractive, and boys who read the first few pages will be sure to read the whole, and gain good impressions about right and wrong.

Constitution of the United States, Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 1862.

A small volume in paper covers, convenient for reference, containing three most important documents with which every American should be familiar. The events of the past year have occasioned an unprecedented demand for these papers, and many will doubtless be glad to obtain them even at twice their cost.

Annual Report of the City Inspector of the City of New York, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1861.

A volume of special interest to our citizens, evincing great labor and research. Its statistical tables are invaluable.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A SABBATH AMONG THE WYANDOTTES.

We once spent a Sabbath among the Wyandotte Indians in Kansas. The beautiful, rolling prairies of that flourishing State were not then, as now, so extensively dotted over with pleasant villages, and the commercial intercourse of the pioneers was very limited in extent, being confined to a small portion of the Territory and a few townships in Western Missouri. The Wyandotte settlement was beautifully located on a rise of ground at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri rivers, and in sight of Kansas City, in Missouri. The lands then belonging to the tribe have since been purchased by New England men, and a flourishing Yankee settlement, retaining the name of Wyandotte has arisen to mark the spot. These Indians, at the time we visited them, were far in advance of the neighboring tribes in everything appertaining to civilization, and the government soon afterwards invested them with the rights of citizenship. There were two church organizations here, both of which were under the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. They were designated as the "Church North" and the "Church South." The members of the one were as noted for their piety as were those of the other for their devotion to the South, and the Institution which has since threatened to annihilate every vestige of American civilization; for the choicest elements of an advanced civilization are the necessary ingredients of a Republican government, and ours, pre-eminently possesses them all. After the services in the "Church South" were ended, (for curi-

osity prompted us to worship there,) we accepted an invitation to dine at the residence of a "chief," whose daughter, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of eighteen years, was far from being a friend of the institution her parents delighted to honor. She had been educated at some place in Ohio, from which locality she had imbibed the sentiments which has rendered Oberlin so famous in the history of the past. Her knowledge of the Indian Tribes appeared to be unlimited, and she took great pleasure in exhibiting her conversational powers, which we of course duly appreciated. The Wyandottes were formerly from New York, they removed to Ohio and from thence to Kansas; commercial intercourse and intermarriage with the whites, however, has nearly obliterated the peculiar characteristics of the race, and the bow and arrow has been laid aside to make room for the ax and the plow of the husbandman. A flourishing Sabbath school had been established among them and the children were then in advance of many of their white neighbors, whose educational privileges were superior to their own. We believe from what we then saw that the Wyandottes are a prosperous, contented and happy people, and that Christianity and civilization has made them so.

KISHMEWAH.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

CHIDE mildly the erring, kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful, add not to their tears,
Avoid with reproaches fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken needs never a blow.

Chide mildly the erring, jeer not at their fall,
If strength be but human, how weak are we all,
What marvel that footsteps should wander away,
When tempests so shadow life's wearisome way.

Chide mildly the erring, entreat them with care,
Their natures are mortal, they need not despair,
We all have some frailty, we all are unwise,
The grace which redeems us, must come from the skies.
Golden Chain.

FROM A TEACHER'S NOTE BOOK.

March 15th. Alexander B. had been absent some days, I found him very ill, with fever, lying in a semi-conscious state. I had learned from A. that his father had died when he was very young, that his mother was a dress-maker and a member of the Episcopal Church. I received a cordial welcome, and was much gratified with the gentle, pious manner and conversation of the Christian mother. She soon alluded to A.'s anxiety to return to school that he might get his new shoes, which he had earned as a reward, or as he said, "to pay for his tickets." The measure had been taken for them the last day he was at school, and when his mind wandered he talked constantly about his new shoes. As I looked at the little form so suddenly emaciated, I feared that health would never return, and thought it probable that other feet would wear the shoes provided for him. The humbly-furnished room, the sick

child lying upon a low couch, beside which sat the pale, weary-looking mother, her busy fingers plying the needle rapidly, seemed to me a good subject for an artist's skill. Before many minutes had elapsed a neighbor entered the room. "Good evening, ma'am; you're Alick's teacher, aren't you?" An affirmative reply preceded a voluble reference to the good school, which her boy also attended, and to the kind ladies. Mrs. B. alluded to the kindness of her neighbor, who continued, "I live in the back room here, and Mrs. B. is a lone woman, and sort o' weakly; so I help her what I can, and Alick, poor child, has to be lifted entirely. My Eliza Ann is near his age, but she is stout and rugged, and she helps Mrs. B. sometimes; and to-day Alick says to her, 'If I don't get well, you shall have my new shoes that I am going to have for my tickets, and then you can go to school.'" At this point I left my new acquaintances, after urging her to send her daughter to the Industrial School for Girls.

March 22d. Went to see Alick, was surprised to find him recovering, he had that day taken a little food. He knew me as I entered the room, his pale cheek flushed with pleasure as I gave him his new shoes. I asked him if he would like to have me read to him and from the prayer-book, I read some of the prayers for the sick and several Psalms. It was pleasant to know that this mother and her fatherless boys were used to the words of prayer. I asked Mrs. B. if she had plenty of work now? "No," said she, "my work was never before so poor at this season." I said, "does your clergyman visit you?" "Oh, yes, he is very kind; he came to see me the beginning of winter, and he sent me a turkey at Christmas." "But have you not been obliged to ask assistance from your church?" "No, I have always made out to support myself and children; I was not so poor when my husband died, but now all is used up but what you see; my oldest is now twelve years old, and for the last year I have had to have him sell matches and candies; I try to make what he can raise pay for our food, and I have been able to make our rent and buy whatever we have had. That pair of shoes is the first thing brought to us to wear since I have been a widow; Alick's medicine has cost so much that I feel troubled now, but I try not to be cast down, for the promise is sure, 'The Lord will provide.'" I gave this woman a small sum from the money placed in my hands by the Executive Committee, and left my address, telling her to send for me at any time out of school-hours, if she needed a friend. Her gratitude was expressed by silent tears and a "Thank you."

Went to 26th St. in search of two absentees, brothers, seven and nine years old. Found the little fellows both suffering with the mumps, the parents are respectable Americans; the mother assured me they loved to come to that school and would be there the first day they were able to come. Then to 31st St., to see

another American family, there are four children, the mother a confirmed invalid and strangely affected. Physicians have examined her case, and say that there is an imperfect action between the heart and lungs, causing frequent attacks of hemorrhage. The husband appears to be temperate, but worn down with anxiety, and very sad-looking. They are extremely destitute, two loaves of bread were thankfully received. Then to 34th St., after another absent boy, found him sick with sore throat; he has learned to knit at school, and he induced his mother to procure materials, and has completed a pair of stockings for his little sister, much to the gratification of his mother.

Another of our scholars lives in the same house, a Protestant German family, the father is out of work and they are in great necessity. I gave the poor woman a ticket to procure a loaf of bread, which was thankfully received. Then to 35th St., to see Mrs. McC.; the children have attended school regularly, and are now quite well clothed; she is very thankful for the clothing, which she says has been a "great help," but more than all, for the kind treatment they have received. "They are never tired of going to school," said she, "and they learn so many good things."

Found another boy sick with sore throat, he belongs to a family of "ingrain beggars." "Sure an' I hope ye mean to give me childers more clothes, sure an other childers have had so much from yese, and me own jist nothing at all to spake of," said the mother. I replied, "The ladies who have charge of the school, have paid your children liberally for the tickets they have earned; you must send your children regularly, and if they behave well, they will soon earn for themselves decent clothing."

After hearing another tirade of beggary, I made my escape, after being followed into the street. Then went to 37th St., was sorry to find our good scholar H. unable to walk. He was playing with other children upon a cart, and the weight of the cart falling upon his foot, had mashed it so badly that a surgeon had to dress it, and he will be detained from school for a long time.

H. R. S.

SCHOOL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"BLESSED be disappointment!" said we to ourselves one evening as we sat at the table of a distinguished civilian. He was one of the honored of the land. A goodly group of "olive branches" were gathered around him. The sweet-voiced wife at the head of the table had, in her early days, been affianced to a youth of great wealth and promise, but, on the appointed day of their marriage, he disappeared, under circumstances of peculiar baseness. What a disappointment to expectant friends and ambitious kinsfolk! But the true-hearted girl swallowed her tears of mortification, and in a fitting time gave her hand to a worthier man, and in a humbler position in life. She lived to see her

renegade lover reel into the grave of the profligate. How little did she know what an escape God had opened to her through the dark door of disappointment!

We might multiply instances of a like character from daily observation. A man hurries breathless to the wharf in order to reach a departing steamer. He is a few minutes too late! The plank is drawn; and as he watches the stately vessel plow her way off through the blue waters, she seemed to be plowing through his very heart. "How provoking!" he exclaims to the half-smiling, half-pitying bystanders. He goes home sulky; he retires sulky to bed, and wakes up to read in the morning paper that "a few hours after leaving port, that steamer took fire, and when last seen was floating on the water a burning wreck!" He fancies himself clinging in despair to a sinking billet of wood, and his very blood runs cold when he thinks how near he came to being on board that death-freighted vessel. And yet the very next time the man is thrown out by Providence in some favorite plan, he is slow to apply the lesson of the past, and thank his heavenly Father for a disappointment.

I do not pretend to be a very apt learner; but many of my best lessons through life have been taught me by the same stern old schoolmaster, *disappointment*. And one lesson I learned was, that *this world was not made only for me*. If it had been, the sun would have shone just when my hay needed it, and the rain would have fallen only when my garden needed to be watered. But God goes on, and orders things as pleaseth Him best, without consulting us. And when our schemes were thwarted, the stern schoolmaster said, "The world was not made for you alone. Don't be selfish. Your loss, perhaps, is another's gain. The rain that spoils your new-mown hay, makes the blade of corn to grow faster in your neighbor's field. The fall in grain that cuts down your profits will help the poor widow in yonder cottage to buy bread cheaper for her orphan babes. So don't be selfish."

HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR FEBRUARY.

Concluded.

Feb. 19th. A young woman called to see about giving up her child, a female infant seven months old. She represented herself a widow, that her business had nearly ceased, and she knew not what to do. We advised her to advertise for a home for her child, as it was too young to be received here at present, and if she did not succeed, to come to us again, and we would try to assist her in some way, if she proved worthy.

About a year since the parents of two children wished to give up their youngest, an infant, as they were then in circumstances of extreme destitution, though they had seen better days, and but a few months previous had been boarding at one of our large hotels. They hoped to be able to retain their eldest;

but for good reasons the child was not received, but placed in the Nursery, where it soon after died. The mother also died in a short time, leaving a fine little boy of three years in charge of his father, who proved to be a worthless inebriate. The woman with whom he was placed to board, and who has since taken all the care of him, committed the child to the Society on the ground of desertion, as she had neither seen nor heard from the father in several months, and no board had been paid. We well remember the interest this family elicited when they first came under our notice, and the assistance they received seemed to be gratefully appreciated by the sorrow-stricken wife and mother. We shall not soon forget the remark with which she greeted our kind visitor one morning, as she entered her lonely abode and found her smitten with the disease of which she died; "Mrs. G.," said she, "will our troubles never end?" Poor woman, her earthly troubles were soon ended, and the little child to whom her heart clung with all a mother's love, now appeals in his lonely sorrow for a home, where the blight that has fallen upon his young life may be forgotten in the smiles and caresses of loving hearts.

Feb. 21st. We had the pleasure of receiving a number of visitors to-day, who were more than usually interested in our Institution, one, a clergyman, we judged, from a neighboring State, though he did not prefix the title to his name on our register, seemed to have his whole heart and soul enlisted in the cause of suffering humanity, and by the number and variety of his questions, seemed anxious to gather all the information possible relative to the means and appliances brought to bear upon our work. We were most happy to answer all his inquiries, and he seemed equally gratified with the result of his observations. He gave us the assurance that we should hear, in some tangible form, from him hereafter.

The little deaf-mute, a bright, interesting girl, who went from our Home to a private institution designed expressly for that class, presented herself with her care-taker, soliciting clothing, which was cheerfully granted. She was eloquent in thanks, both with her eyes and in her expressive sign-language. Several other cases were assisted from our Dorcas-room some of them possessing much interest; but we have not time to write them out. Our Dorcas Committee have found it impossible to relieve all the cases that have applied.

Feb. 26th. An interesting young mother and child were received temporarily to-day, the infant only six weeks old, too young to be received without the mother. We hope to secure a situation as wet-nurse for the mother, which will enable her to board her child in the Nursery, or where it will have proper care and attention.

An old lady crushed under the weight of sorrows almost insupportable, in her emergency sought our sympathy and aid in providing for herself and daughter upon whom the blight of

the destroyer had fallen, a shelter to await the further trial. They had together found a home, (what a desecration of that sacred name) with near relatives, where under circumstances peculiarly trying, the great wrong had been inflicted upon the daughter, who is weak in intellect, and every feeling of her outraged nature prompted her to seek another shelter. We urged her to bring the guilty one to justice, but it would deeply involve in shame and disgrace an innocent wife and children. Our hearts ached for her, but there seemed to be no redress; and all she wished was a few articles for housekeeping, just enough to make them comfortable. One or two friends had promised her aid, and we encouraged her to secure a room or two, and we would assist her in furnishing, with some few things that could be spared from our resources. This mother is a respectable member of one of our city churches, who would assist her, could she make her case public. With what wrongs and outrages earth is filled. In striking contrast to this case, was the entrance, while she was present, of a lady and gentleman leading by the hand a beautiful little girl, the group looking so smiling and happy that we were unconsciously attracted towards them. With what pride and fond affection they watched every movement of that sweet child. After a few moments conversation with them we learned that the idol of their hearts but a few months since was one of our own "Home" group, whom they had brought to see us. We involuntarily offered the prayer that their hearts might never be wrung with the agony that crushed the poor mother's heart above referred to. Another party with one of our former proteges also called to-day, equally delighted with their good fortune. These are the bright oases that cheer us amid the wreck and ruin that lie all along our path of duty, and we thank God and take courage. An interesting little girl, two years old, was to-day committed by its mother, who has an infant a few weeks old. The father is dead, and the mother was told by a lady that this was the best place for both her children. This reminded us of a letter received in our office which we read among others recently, and in which the writer stated that she had thought of taking one of our children by adoption, but last fall her minister visited our Institution and was so much pleased with all he saw that when he went home he told her he "would like to have his own children there," since which she had thought no more of taking one.

28th. A number of visitors to-day, among them a lady from Brooklyn, connected with an Institution similar to our own just opened there. She wanted to see the operation of our system, and make some inquiries relative to our constitution, by-laws, etc., a copy of which we gave her, and were happy in giving her all the information in our power. She seemed much pleased with her inspection of our building, etc. We have been particularly gratified

with the appearance of our children in the nursery department during the month. We never remember to have seen them looking more healthy and cheerful. It is amusing to see their efforts to retain visitors, especially those with whom they are familiar; when a motion is made towards the door they all run and back up against it, apparently thinking their combined efforts will avail against our egress. On one of our visits to the infant's nursery we counted twelve cribs filled with occupants taking their morning nap, looking as fresh and sweet as rosebuds. With every department of our work we have been highly gratified. A new feature is an evening school under the care of our efficient housekeeper, where the larger and older girls, whose opportunities for improvement have been limited, and some who need more personal effort than can be given them in our regular school, are gathered and instructed. We had hoped for an opportunity to visit this evening session, but our distance from the Home and the unfavorable state of the weather a large portion of the time during the month have prevented. We learn, however, from their teacher that quite an interest is manifested by most if not all of the pupils, and that in several cases marked improvement has taken place. Their exercises are of a moral and religious as well as of an intellectual character. We think this effort promises much under the judicious training of its worthy teacher. A sewing department, where some of the larger girls are gathered during the interval of school and other duties, and instructed in the use of the needle, also promises to be of much utility. We have long felt the need of such a department, systematized and effective, but with the various agencies already in operation we found enough to engross our thoughts and time till the opportune moment arrived. We find that the exigencies of our work are constantly calling for new agencies or the modification of old ones, and we desire ever to be found co-workers in the order of God's providence, watching its indications, and conforming thereto.

"To hallowed duty,
Here with a loyal and heroic heart
Bind we our lives."

STATISTICS FOR FEBRUARY, 1862.

No of adults admitted, 13; dismissed, 11; remaining, 32; children admitted, 25; dismissed, 22; remaining, 100; care-takers and helpers, 9; total, 141.

Correspondence.

Windham, Conn., 1862.

Dear Madam,—Enclosed please find five dollars for the *Advocate*. Owing to the hard times, and our sending so many men to the war, etc., it has been difficult to raise subscribers enough to form a club. Indeed, the number is not yet raised, but those of us who have

subscribed want the paper so much, that I find the lacking money, and will give away the extra copies, if I do not obtain any more subscribers. I can hardly afford to do this, but can afford it better than to go without the paper.

P. S. My little son, George Warren Stearns, wishes to send five cents, to buy food for some poor child. He *pities* the poor, but loves his money, and it is really a *great sacrifice* for him to send *so much*, when he has *so little*.

Yours, with sympathy,

(MRS.) GEO. I. STEARNS.

"*Savings of little Charley.*"—Enclosed you will find 75 cents; they are the savings of little Charley. He wishes me to send them to you, to buy a pair of shoes for some little boy at the Home.

Yours, truly,

A. D. NEFF.

Springfield, O., Jan., 1862.

West Killingly, Ct., March 7th, 1862.

Dear Madam,—Having, of late, had my attention turned to the subject of *Obedience of Children*, and as many mothers seem to entertain views on the subject widely different, I beg leave to ask (through you) "H. E. B.," or some other of your valuable correspondents, to give us a lengthened article in your excellent paper, the *Advocate*, on that subject. I am a constant reader of your paper, and feel that I can hardly do without it, and while I have gained much light in regard to training my children, I desire this article named, to show Christian mothers *what obedience is, and how attained*. Should you see fit to grant my request, I doubt not you will receive the heartfelt thanks of *many* mothers, who are desirous to train their children aright.

From a mother,

N. A. DEWING.

From four Little Girls.—Four little girls in Wisconsin, Mary, Emma, Hattie, and Nellie, earned each as many pennies to spend on New Year's day as they were years old, and as they have heard of the Home children, they wish their mother to send it all to New York, thinking that, although it is but a little, it may, perhaps, buy some poor child a Testament and school book, and so do a *little* good.

Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y.

* * * * We have forwarded a barrel for the Home, containing quilts and clothing, which you will please acknowledge from a few friends in Brookfield and Sangerfield. Also, a bundle of childrens' clothing from Mrs. A. A. Saunders, of Cherry Valley, a hood, tippet, and mittens, from her little daughter, Hattie; a bundle of clothing from Mrs. John Coon, and one from Mrs. Joseph Denison, West Edmeston.

Yours, respectfully,

SARAH E. SAUNDERS.

March 6th, 1862.—The barrel is forwarded this day. Enclosed please find one dollar.

Yours,

S. E. S.

Our "pet girl" has exchanged her earthly robes for heavenly. I send a part of those she used to wear to the "poor children," about whom she so much loved to hear. Here, too, is the little apron, with the nuts and candies, she bought with her own money, and her pennies, for she said a day or two before she was taken sick, "Ma, I guess I shall save all the rest of my pennies for the 'poor children.'"

Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., March 9, 1862.

Dear Madam,—The Soldiers' Aid Society, in the vicinity of South Perinton, Monroe Co., N. Y., have sent to your institution, the Home for the Friendless, a barrel of quilts and clothing, to be distributed by your Society to the needy families of our brave volunteers in New York city. The barrel is sent by express; charges paid.

Through your excellent little paper, which is extensively taken in this community, the wants of soldiers' families in your city were made known to us, and knowing that the cause of Truth and Right could be as effectually aided in this way, as by more direct agency, we concluded to send one barrel of articles to the care of your noble institution, feeling assured that the articles thus sent would be disposed of worthily by you.

I would that the *Advocate and Guardian* could be taken and read by every fireside in our land. Besides aiding the cause of humanity in your own city, its fearless course in sustaining the Right, *everywhere*, is one of its best features. Its strong anti-slavery tone has done much towards changing the opinions and feelings of many towards the down-trodden African, whether bond or free. May the time soon come when there shall not be a slave in all this fair country.

I am, very sincerely, your friend,

(MRS.) K. WILKINSON,

Secretary of Soldiers' Aid Society.

A Teacher writes:—The early part of last June, I proposed to my school that we should plant one or more extra hills of corn, and take care of them ourselves, and let the avails be devoted to some benevolent purpose. Many of the scholars seemed pleased with the idea, and went to work. Some were unfortunate, and their corn was destroyed, but what was good was brought to me, and I disposed of it for sixty-four cents. As I have in my school, this winter, several different scholars, I gave them an opportunity to contribute, and have received various sums, from one penny up to twenty-five, so that, with a small contribution of my own, we have \$2 00, which you will please accept, and acknowledge as received from the "East Plains School," Plainville, Conn.

Would that I had much more to send you. Hoping and praying that you may ever be successful in your good work, your well-wisher,

M. LEWIS.

Vinton, March 3, 1862.

There is an increasing interest here in your

estimable paper and in your philanthropic work. May the blessing of those ready to perish come upon you and all engaged in the cause of the degraded and out-cast, and may Christians throughout the world speedily awake to their duty towards this portion of human society, viz.: the degraded, sinning and suffering at our own doors.

Yours, sincerely,
(MRS.) MARY K. ROBINSON.

DIED, in Strykersville, Wyoming Co., N. Y., after an illness of five days, May 5th, 1861, Miss Marcia Rounds, aged 45 years. In her death your Society has lost a warm friend. She had taken your valuable paper, published under different names, since the first publication.

ALSERA.

SHE DIED UPON HER KNEES.

THE soft autumnal morning light is spreading through the quiet room of the aged saint, but still she lingers in the attitude of prayer. Perhaps, like her Saviour, she has risen a "great while before day" to commune with her Father in heaven; even though sickness was upon her, and death seemed not far distant. But, hush, this is a solemn place, angels have been here and while engaged in the blessed and heaven-appointed work of prayer, they have borne the sanctified spirit to the presence of that glorious Being she delighted to worship. It was a fitting close to a life so devoted to prayer and heavenly communion. Though always cheerful and rejoicing in God, she was one whose life was crowded with trials and afflictions, but we are informed by words of inspiration that, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." All earthly trials seemed but to bring her nearer to God, and most beautifully did she exemplify the Christian graces in her daily walk and conversation.

When the companion of her youth was taken from her, she naturally turned to her only son for comfort and support, but when he had arrived to years of manhood, a moral weakness was upon him, which brought him, in the prime of life, to a dishonored grave. Her oldest grandson, an interesting youth, came to a watery grave far from his home. Another grand-child became a Christian early, and when just settled in life, her husband was taken from her, and then after a long decline, she was herself removed, leaving two orphan children, one, a cripple, to the care of the grandmother. Thus were the burdens and cares of life laid upon her, the training of her son, his children and grand-children; and one after another of the objects of her affection were removed from her, and she left, like the lone oak withstanding the many storms. Her confidence was never removed from the Rock of Ages, but amid all her afflictions she never charged God foolishly, but said, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." Wherever she went she breathed the spirit of prayer and devotion, and the service of Christ was her constant theme. Oh, that her mantle may fall on some of us who knew and loved her well, that we may follow her as she followed Christ.

SARAH.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE
HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From Mar. 10th to Mar. 25th, 1862.

HOME.

Me. —Bequest of Mrs Ann B. Loomis, wife of Rev Harvey Loomis, Bangor.....	200 00
Mass. —Mrs D. F. Hale, Chicopee.....	5 00
Mrs Bridgman, Middlefield.....	50
Mary, Lydia and Olive Macomber, T. H. Gifford, L. E. Earle, L. G. Howland, 50c ea. Westport.....	3 00
Conn. —Mrs C. T. Minor, Woodbury.....	1 00
S. E. L. Bromley, Robertsville.....	1 00
Mrs O. C. Wheaton, Fair Haven.....	1 00
A Friend, per A. Weeden, Griswold.....	1 00
N. Y. —Mrs H. M. Fisher, Miss L. Palmer, freight, 50c each, Burlington.....	1 00
Mrs J. C. Lockwood, Madrid.....	1 00
Mrs Abel Bennett, Binghampton.....	1 00
S. S., Carmansville Ch., Rev. J. H. Smith, Rec.....	2 66
Mrs H. Wellman, Milford.....	50
Mrs C. Burns, Hartwich.....	25
Baptist Fem. Aid Society, Summer Hill, freight.....	1 00
L. A. French, Clyde, freight.....	1 00
Hattie Saunders, deceased, Cherry Valley.....	15
Mr A. Ramsey, Brooklyn.....	5 00
Mrs H. Belcher, Berkshire.....	1 00
Friends in Kelloggsville, per S. Slade, freight.....	1 50
A Friend in Riverhead.....	1 00
Mrs S. A. Chapman, Dover Plains.....	1 00
From Jeannie, Brooklyn.....	5 00
Friends at Brockett's Bridge, freight.....	50
Mrs S. F. Ballard, Le Roy, found in her little boy's savings bank after his death.....	51
Friends in Clymer, per Mrs Rathbone, freight.....	1 00
Mrs Mary Whipple, aged 84, \$1 30, L. Morgan and P. Sturtevant, 25c each, E. E. Whipple and J. Ford, 10c each, Churchill.....	2 00
Mrs J. Van Patten, Kinney's Four Corners.....	50
Mrs A. C. Knowles, 70c, Caroline Maria, and Phebe 10c each, Smyrna.....	1 00
N. Y. City. —Mrs Wickens.....	3 00
Mrs J. B. Herrick.....	3 00
A Friend.....	75
Alfred Chapman, Jr.....	1 00
Miss R. Benedict and Libbie B., 25c each.....	50
Jennie C., Louisa G. and H. Stuart Davis.....	1 00
N. J. —Thomas Gillings, New Brunswick.....	1 00
Pa. —Friends in Harbor Creek, freight.....	1 00
Gibson Binns and wife, Red Stone.....	5 00
Young Ladies in Sugar Grove, for soldiers' children, per M. Temple.....	1 27
Friends in Sugar Grove, freight.....	1 25
Ohio. —A Friend, Brunswick.....	1 00
Mrs C. P. Bottsford, Middlebury.....	1 00
Rev Amos Dresser, W. Williamsfield, freight.....	1 00
Mrs Ruth B. Perry, Brownhelm.....	1 00
Hannah E. Gill, Mt. Pleasant.....	5 00
E. M. Dickenson, F. M. Smith, 13c ea., A. Gates, 10c, Ashtabula, freight.....	36
Mary J., Greenwich.....	1 00
Ill. —Mrs J. R. Brockway, Tamarack.....	1 00
Mrs A. L. Bushnell, Bloomington.....	1 00
Mrs A. Crawford, Lawn Ridge.....	1 00
Ind. —R. J. H. Klein, Fort Wayne.....	2 00
Wis. —Two Friends, Dodgeville.....	75
Miss Rosetta White, Horicon.....	20
Mo. —Miss Ellen Webb and her little niece, E. Webb, St. Louis.....	1 00
Kansas. —Mrs F. B. Adair, Osawatomie.....	1 00
Oregon. —Emily M. Vandort, Salem.....	1 00
Subscribers in Eugene City, per Mrs L. W. Judkins.....	1 50

LIFE MEMBERS.

N. Y. —Mrs F. S. Stone, Scriba, full payt. on L. M.....	6 50
Mrs F. W. Capwell, Linden, first payt.....	10 00
Mrs Isabella G. Bourne, East Hamburg, to complete L. M.....	5 00
N. Y. City. —Mrs J. B. Varnum, full payment for Miss M. V. Mott.....	10 00

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from Mar. 10th to Mar. 25th, 1862.

Vt.—North Clarendon, a package of clothing and a quilt also 6 rabbits for Sales-room from Mrs Southard and Mrs Marcia B. Mead.

R. I.—Bristol, a box of clothing from Mrs P. E. Hathaway
Conn.—Guilford, a box of clothing from Mrs S. Fowler and daughter, and a comfortable from Mrs R. Crittenden.

Ashford, a package of quilts and clothing from Mrs S. M. Dutton.

Fair Haven, a box of clothing and a basket for Sales-room from the Juvenile Busy Bee Society of the 2d Cong. Church.

A Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine from a friend. West Norwalk, 2 chickens from David Silleck.

N. Y.—Summer Hill, a box of quilts and clothing from the Baptist Fem. Aid Soc., also 1 quilt from Martha and Mary and 1 from Miss Laura Penoyer, Homer.

Rose, a barrel of clothing, collars, cuffs, and a reticule for Sales-room, from a few friends, per Mrs L. A. Finch.

Brookfield, a barrel of quilts and clothing from a few friends in Brookfield and Sangerfield, also a bundle of children's clothing from Mrs A. A. Saunders of Cherry Valley and a hood, tippet and mittens from her little daughter Hattie, a bundle from Mrs J. Coon, and one from Mrs J. Denison, West Edmonston.

Roxbury, a package of clothing from friends.

Egypt, a package of clothing from G. W. Benedict, Esq.

Elma, a bag of quilts and clothing from the Ladies Sewing Society.

Mott Haven, a bundle of clothing collected by Miss M. C. Burt.

Morris, a quilt made by the pupils of Miss Emily Wakefield during their hours for recreation.

Milford, a package of clothing, from friends in Milford and Jacksonville and a quilt made by Ettie and Marcia per Mrs Almira Mead.

Upper Aquebogue, a bed-quilt from the Young Ladies Sewing Society, per Joanna Downs.

Oneida Lake, a box of quilts, clothing, beans and dried apples from friends, per Mrs E. R. Kelsey, also pin-cushions and mittens from Lizetta, Mariette and Nettie, three little girls.

Cherry Valley, a box of clothing from Mrs Fanny L. Hess and 6 pairs stockings from Mrs Carter.

Steuben, a box of quilts and clothing from the Sewing Society of the Baptist Church.

Kelloggsville, a box of clothing from the ladies of Kelloggsville and vicinity.

Hoosick, a barrel and half barrel of clothing and provisions collected by Mrs B. V. Quackenbush and Sarah Perry.

Burlington Flats, a barrel of quilts and clothing from the ladies, 1 quilt pieced by little girls of the Baptist S. S. assisted by Miss J. Ann Whitcomb, teacher, also basted work for Ind. School and old linen for the Nursery.

Brockett's Bridge, a barrel of provisions, quilts and clothing from a few ladies, per Mrs E. T. Spencer.

N. Y. City.—A Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine from a friend.

A handsome donation of 5 shell boxes, dolls, pin-cushions, pen-wipers, &c. from Miss L. Barton, also one cone watch-case, pin-cushions and needle-books from a friend, per Mrs Holton.

A package of clothing from Mrs E. B. Emerson.

1 doz. plated table-spoons and 1 doz. tea-spoons from Messrs. Windle & Co., per Mrs E. Starr.

N. J.—Columbia, a package of clothing and a quilt from from a friend, since deceased.

Jersey City, 5 prs. stockings from Kate L. Palmer.

Pa.—Sugar Grove, a box of quilts and clothing from Mrs Ricker, Mrs Graham and other friends, also a package of cushions from Mrs Welden and Martha and Adna Welden.

Scranton, 4 needle books and 2 nets from Mrs J. R. Sprague.

Mich.—Clinton, a barrel of quilts and children's clothing from the Baptist Church S. S., per Miss Almira L. Savage.

Ann Arbor, a box of clothing from friends, per Mrs Cornelia Porter.]

Ohio.—Palmyra, a box of quilts and clothing from a few ladies, per Mrs Harriet P. Earle.

Wakeman, 1 quilt made by the little girls of the S. S. and one by the Ladies' Sewing Circle, per Mrs E. J. Bunce.

East Ashtabula, a barrel of clothing and provisions from Mrs E. M. Dickenson and Mrs Smith, indian meal, flour, and dried apples from Mrs Ann Millard and a package from Miss Amanda Gates, an invalid.

Sheffield, a barrel of quilts and clothing from a few ladies, per Mrs Maria L. Root.

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Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

Address, AM. FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY, 29 East 29th Street.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty-five thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

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Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed

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[No. 643. April 16, 1862.]